SURRY TRIUMPHANT:

OR THE

Kentiſh-Mens Defeat.

A NEW BALLAD;

BEING

A PARODY

ON

CHEVY-CHACE.

———*Viciſti, et victum tendere* nummos
Cantiaci *vidêre*——. VIRG. ÆN. xii. variat.

And ſwift flew the cricket-ball over the lawn.

ANON.

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EXTRACT from the KENTISH GAZETTE of Saturday, July 24, 1773.

The following is a Liſt of the Noblemen and Gentlemen Cricketers, who played on Monday, Tueſday, and Wedneſday laſt, in Bourn-Paddock, SURRY againſt KENT, for Two Thouſand Pounds:

Thoſe marked thus B *were bowled out*; C *catched out.*

SURRY.

Names.	Out by whom.	1ſt.	Out by whom.	2d.
Lord Tankerville,	B. out by May,	0	C. out by Mr. Davis,	3
Mr. Bartholomew,	C. out by Simmons,	3	B. out by Miller,	10
Mr. Lewis,	B. out by the Duke,	0	Laſt Man in,	21
Mr. Stone,	B. out by the Duke,	12	B. out by Miller,	24
Stevens, alias Lumpey,	B. out by Miller,	6	B. out by Miller,	8
John Woods,	C. out by Sir H. Mann,	6	C. out by R. May,	6
Palmer,	C. out by Mr. Davis,	22	C. out by the Duke,	38
Thomas White,	B. out by the Duke,	5	C. out by Mr. Huſſey,	60
Yaldin,	Laſt Man in,	17	B. out by the Duke,	1
Childs,	B. out by May,	0	B. out by the Duke,	3
Francis,	B. out by the Duke,	5	C. out by Wood,	36
	Byes	1	Byes	7
		77		217

KENT.

Names.	Out by whom.	1ſt.	Out by whom.	2d.
Duke of Dorſet,	B. out by Woods,	25	B. out by Woods,	1
Sir Horace Mann,	B. out by Woods,	3	C. out by L. Tankerville,	22
Mr. Davis,	B. out by Woods,	4	C. out by Mr. Lewis,	0
Mr. Huſſey,	Laſt Man in,	0	B. out by Woods,	0
Miller,	C. out by Yaldin,	13	Run out,	10
Simmons,	B. out by Lumpey,	5	C. out by Yaldin,	4
R. May,	B. out by Woods,	0	Laſt Man in,	0
Thomas May,	B. out by Lumpey,	4	C. out by Childs,	5
Louch,	C. out by Mr. Stone,	5	B. out by Lumpey,	26
Pattenden,	C. out by Mr. Lewis,	0	B. out by Lumpey,	1
Wood of Seale,	C. out by Woods,	1	C. out by Mr Bartholomew,	9
	Byes	3	Byes	0
		63		78

To the READER.

"THE greateſt modern Critics," ſays Mr. Addiſon, "have laid it down "as a Rule, that an Heroic Poem ſhould be "founded upon ſome important Precept of "Morality, adapted to the Conſtitution of "the Country in which the Poet writes;" and then proceeds to ſhew, that the Plans of the Iliad, the Æneid, and Chevy-Chace, are "all formed in this View."* In humble Imitation of thoſe great Maſters, the Author of the following Parody begs Leave to obſerve, that he has a farther View than merely tracing the Outline of a moſt beautiful Original, and indulging an innocent Pleaſantry, which has ſtrict Truth for its Foundation; it being his Intention to convey, at the ſame Time, a Moral Precept of no ſmall Importance to his Country Neighbours, which the Reader may collect from ſeveral of the Stanzas.

* See the Spectator, Vol. I. No. 70.

SURRY TRIUMPHANT:

OR THE

Kentiſh - Mens Defeat.

GOD *proſper long our* harveſt-work,
Our rakes *and* hay-carts *all!*
An ill-tim'd cricket match *there did*
At Biſhopſbourn *befall.* †

† All the words in Italics are taken from Chevy-Chace.

To

To bat and bowl *with* might *and* main
Two Nobles *took* their *way*;
The hay *may rue*, *that is* unhous'd,
The batting *of that day.*

The active *Earl of* Tankerville
An even bet *did make*,
That in Bourn paddock he would cauſe
Kent's *chiefeſt* hands to quake;

To ſee the Surry cricketers
Out-bat them and out-bowl.
To Dorſet's Duke *the tidings came*,
All *in* the park of Knowle:

Who ſent his Lordſhip *preſent word*,
He would prevent his ſport.
The Surry *Earl*, *not fearing this*,
Did to Eaſt Kent *reſort*;

With

With ten more maſters of the bat,
All choſen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim or block *aright.*

[From Marſh and Weald, their hay-forks left,
To Bourn the ruſtics hied,
From Romney, Cranbrook, Tenterden,
And Darent's verdant ſide:

Gentle and ſimple, 'ſquires and clerks,
With many a lady fair,
Fam'd Thanet, Fowell's beauteous bride,
And graceful Sondes were there.]

The Surry ſportſmen choſe the ground,
The ball did *ſwiftly* fly;
On Monday they began to play,
Before the graſs was dry;

And long ere ſupper-time *they* did
Near fourſcore notches gain;
Then having ſlept, they, in their turn,
Stopp'd, caught, and bowl'd amain.

The fieldmen, ſtation'd *on the* lawn,
Well able to endure,
Their loins with ſnow-white ſattin veſts
That day had *guarded ſure.*

Full faſt the Kentiſh wickets fell,
While Higham houſe and mill,
And Barham's upland down, *with* ſhouts
Did make an echo ſhrill.

Man
Sir Horace from *the* dinner *went*,
To view the tender ground;
Quoth he, " This laſt untoward ſhower
" Our ſtumps has almoſt drown'd:

" *If*

" *If that I thought, 'twould not* be dry,
" *No longer would I* play."
With that, a ſhrewd *young gentleman*
Thus to the Knight *did ſay:*

" *Lo! yonder doth* the ſun appear,
" And ſoon will ſhine forth *bright,*
" The level lawn and ſlippery ground
" *All* drying *in our ſight;*

" Not bating ev'n the *river* banks
" *Faſt by* yon *pleaſant* mead."
" *Then ceaſe* diſputing," Lumpey *ſaid,*
" *And take your* bats *with ſpeed:*

" *And now with me, my countrymen,*
" Let all your ſkill be ſhown,
" *For never was there* bowler *yet,*
" *In* Kent *or* Surry known,

" *That ever did* a bale diſlodge,
" *Since* firſt I play'd a match,
" *But I durſt* wager, hand *for* hand,
" *With him to* bowl or catch."

Young Dorſet, *like a Baron bold*,
His jetty hair undreſt,
Ran *foremoſt of the company*,
Clad in *a milk-white* veſt:

" *Shew me*," *he ſaid*, " one ſpot that's dry,
" Where we can ſafely run;
" Or elſe, with *my conſent*, we'll wait
" To-morrow's riſing ſun."

The man that firſt did anſwer make
Was noble Tankerville;
Who ſaid, " To play, I do *declare*,
" There only wants the will:

" Move

" Move but the ſtumps, a ſpot I'll find
" As dry as † Farley's board."
" Our records," quoth the Knight, " for this
" No precedent afford.

" *Ere thus I will out-braved be,*
" All hazards I'll defy:
" *I know thee well, an Earl thou art;*
" *And ſo* not yet *am I.*

" *But truſt me,* Charles, *it pity were,*
" *And great offence, to kill*
" With colds or ſprains, *theſe harmleſs men,*
" *For they have done no ill.*

" *Let* us at ſingle wicket play,
" *And ſet our men aſide.*"
" Run out *be he,*" reply'd the Earl,
" *By whom this is deny'd!*"

Then

† The Maſter of the Ordinary.

Then ſtept a gallant 'ſquire forth,
Bartholomew *was his name,*
Vho ſaid, " *I would not have it told*
" On Clandon down *for ſhame,*

" *That* Tankerville *e'er* play'd alone,
" *And I ſtood looking on:*
" *You are* a Knight, Sir, you an Earl,
" *And I a* vicar's ſon:

" *I'll do the beſt that do I may,*
" *While I have pow'r to ſtand;*
" *While I have pow'r to wield my* bat,
" *I'll* play *with heart and hand.*"

The Surry bowlers *bent their* backs,
Their aims *were good and true,*
And every ball that 'ſcap'd the bat,
A wicket overthrew.

To

To drive the ball beyond the booths,
Duke Dorſet *had the bent*;
Woods, *mov'd* at length *with mickle pride*,
The ſtumps *to ſhivers ſent*.

They ran *full faſt on every ſide*,
No ſlackneſs there was found;
And many a ball that mounted high,
Ne'er lighted *on the ground*.

In truth, *it was a grief to ſee*,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The cries of odds that offer'd were,
And ſlighted every where.

At laſt, Sir Horace took the field,
A batter *of great might*;
Mov'd like a lion, he awhile
Put Surry in a fright:

He

He ſwung, *'till both* his arms *did* ach,
His bat *of* ſeaſon'd wood,
'Till down his azure ſleeves the *ſweat*
Ran *trickling like* a flood.

" Hedge now thy bets," *ſaid* Tankerville,
" *I'll* then *report of thee*,
" That *thou art the moſt* prudent *Knight*
" *That ever I did ſee.*"

Then to the *Earl* the Knight reply'd,
" *Thy* counſel *I do ſcorn*;
" *I* with no Surry-man *will* hedge,
" *That ever yet was born.*"

With that, *there came* a ball *moſt keen*,
Out of a Surry hand,
He *ſtruck* it full, it mounted high,
But, ah! ne'er reach'd the land.

Sir

Sir Horace *ſpoke no words but theſe*,
" Play *on*, *my merry men all*;
" *For why*, *my* inning's *at an end*;
" The Earl has caught *my* ball."

Then by the hand his Lordſhip *took*
This hero of the match,
And ſaid, " Sir Horace, *for thy* bets
" *Would I had* miſs'd *my* catch!

" In ſooth, *my very heart doth bleed*
" *With ſorrow for thy ſake*;
" *For ſure*, *a more* good-temper'd *Knight*
" A match *did never* make."

A 'Squire of Weſtern Kent *there was*,
Who ſaw his friend out-caught,
And *ſtraight did vow revenge on* him
Who this *miſchance* had wrought:

A Templar *he*, *who*, in his turn,
Soon as the Earl did ſtrike,
Ran ſwiftly from his ſtopping-place,
And gave him like for like.

Full ſharp and rapid was the ball,
Yet, *without dread*, *or fear*,
He caught it at arm's length, and ſtraight,
Return'd it in the air:

With ſuch a vehement force and might,
It ſtruck his callous hand,
The ſound re-echo'd round the ring,
Through every booth and ſtand.

So thus were *both theſe* heroes caught,
Whoſe ſpirit *none could doubt*.
A Surry 'Squire, *who ſaw*, with grief,
The Earl ſo quickly out,

Soon

Soon as the Templar, with his bat,
Made of a truſty tree,
Gave ſuch a ſtroke, as, had it 'ſcap'd,
Had ſurely gain'd him three;

Againſt this well-intended ball
His hand *ſo rightly* held,
That, ere the foe could ground his bat,
His ardour Lewis quell'd.

This game *did laſt from* Monday morn
Till Wedneſday afternoon,
For when Bell * Harry *rung* to prayers,
The batting *ſcarce was done.*

With good Sir Horace, *there was* beat
Huſſey *of* Aſhford town,
Davis, for ſtops and catches fam'd,
A worthy Canon's ſon;

* At Canterbury Cathedral.

And with the Mays, *both* Tom and Dick,
Two hands *of good account*,
Simmons was beat, and Miller too,
Whoſe bowling *did ſurmount*.

For Wood of Seale *needs muſt I wail*,
As one in doleful dumps,
For if he e'er ſhould play again,
It muſt be *on his ſtumps* †.

† One of this poor man's legs was bound up, and it is feared muſt undergo an amputation. As the ſtanza here parodied has been injudiciouſly ſubſtituted in the later copies of Chevy-Chace, printed in 1524, the ſenſe at the ſame time being ſo burleſqued, that the Spectator dared not quote it, the original ſtanza, in which that abſurdity is avoided, is here added, from the "old ballad of Otterburn," printed in the reign of Henry VI, together with a parody, that the reader may take his choice.

ORIGINAL.

For Witherington my heart was woe,
That ever he ſlain ſhould be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneel'd, and fought on his knee.

PARODY.

For bare-footed Wood *my heart was woe*,
That his leg bound up *ſhould be*,
For if *both his legs* ſhould be cut off,
He would kneel, *and* catch *on his knee*.

And

And with the Earl the conquering bat
Bartholomew did wield,
And ſlender Lewis, *who*, though ſick,
Would never leave *the field.*

White, Yalding, Woods, and Stevens too,
As Lumpey better known,
Palmer, for batting *well eſteem'd*,
Childs, Francis, and 'Squire Stone.

Of byes and overthrows *but three*,
The Kentiſh heroes gain'd,
And Surry victor on the ſcore,
Twice ſeventy-*five* remain'd.

Of near three *hundred* notches made
By Surry, eight were byes;
The reſt were balls, which, boldly ſtruck,
Re-echo'd to the ſkies!

Their

Their huſbands woful caſe that night
Did many wives *bewail,*
Their labour, time, and money loſt,
But all would not prevail.

Their ſun-burnt cheeks, though *bath'd* in ſweat,
They kiſs'd, and waſh'd them clean,
And to that fatal paddock begg'd
They ne'er would go again.

To Sevenoak town *this news was brought,*
Where Dorſet has his ſeat,
That, on the Nalebourn's banks, his Grace
Had met with a defeat.

" *O heavy news!*" the Rector *ſaid,*
" The Vine *can witneſs be,*
" We *have not any* cricketer
" *Of ſuch account as he.*"

Like

Like tidings, in a ſhorter *ſpace,*
To Barham's Rector *came,*
That in Bourn-paddock knightly Mann
Had fairly loſt the game.

" *Now* reſt his bat," the Doctor *ſaid,*
" *Sith' twill no better be;*
" *I truſt* we *have, in* Biſhopſbourn,
" *Five* hands *as good as he.*

" *Yet* Surry-men *ſhall never ſay,*
" *But* Kent return *will* make,
" *And* catch or bowl them out at length,
" *For* her Lieutenant's *ſake.*"

This vow full well did Kent *perform,*
After, on Sev'noak Vine;
With ſix not in, the game was won,
Though White got fifty-nine:

For Miller, Wood, and Dorſet then
Diſplay'd their wonted ſkill:
Thus ended the fam'd match *of* Bourn,
Won *by Earl* Tankerville.

God ſave the King, and bleſs the land
With plenty and increaſe;
And grant henceforth that idle games
In harveſt-time *may ceaſe!*

FINIS.